

as a lily rears its head through the mud. In addition she had the Gift of Dreams. Lies? Call them so, if you must. But what is Truth? To Rosalie it lay, not in the hideous bare realities of facts, but in the lovely Land of Heart's Desire.

Speeding up the subway steps at her station, she turned sharply west, and, walking three mean blocks of dingy, moth-eaten doorways, turned at last into her own. Rosalie bounded up the five flights of stairs, fitted a key into a lock, and burst into a room.

"Mutter, Mutter!" she called gaily.

"Is that you, Rosie? Sh!" came a querulous voice.

"Sh! Why sh?" Rosalie threw her strong young arms about the woman's bent shoulders. "It's no time for sh now," she exulted proudly, "when I've got a fine new job at last, at Hempil's—in Men's Gloves! How's that, Mutter darling? And they're going to make a place for all the others,—for Beck, and Sade, and even Danny too! And you're going to have a grand new set of teeth at last, so you can go out again like folks and see every one," she gloried. "Don't you—why, Mutter—"

"Sh!" warned the little mother again. "After supper, Rosie. He's back."

"So soon?" Rosalie recoiled sharply. There was no need for names.

She dropped her arms, all her young ardor turned to ice. Above the fumes of burnt stew, and onions and grease and grime, a new scent was assailing her nostrils,—new but too well known,—the scent of a pale yellow liquid in a loathsome bulb. She turned down the hallway with a gesture of repulsion.

Daddy Belinski had returned from "abroad!"

"YES, he got off this morning, I guess," Beckie, otherwise Eugenia, confided in the privacy of the alcove wherein she was trying a new "marcel." "Well, so long as he don't stick round the parlor nights, and scare off Jim."

She calcimined her already plastered nose aggressively; for Beckie, be it known, had a "fella,"—not a Shining Prince, alas! just a plain "fella." Poor Beckie! He rejoiced in the name of Stubbs, and his line was shirts,—his territory from Troy to Babylon, L. I. Poor Beckie, again!

"But never mind—poor old Beck!" cried Rosalie sympathetically. "I've got a real job for you, hon; a nice, easy one this time, honest," she hastened to reassure. "And one for Sade and Danny too."

"Oh, I guess Sade can't go," Beckie carefully inspected a pimple on her chin. "She's had another turn!"

"She has?" Rosalie's face fell. These "turns" of Sade's had grown far too frequent of late. "But you'll go, won't you?" she pleaded. "All you'll have to do is come down with me and take it to-morrow. It's all waiting—"

"Well, I'll see," Beckie reapproved the marcel. "I guess I'll talk with Jim first. He asked me last night didn't I know I was heaps too pretty to be wasting my looks on any more stores, and I guess he's right." A furtive gleam lit her shrewd young eyes. "But say, Rosie!" She dropped the hand-glass with a bang. "There's a swell manicuring course at Haffney's,—seven-fifty complete in ten lessons; only two dollars down—and they place you when you're through. Can't you lend me your two dollars, Rosie? Oh, well, if you won't," as Rosalie was silent. "You'd rather give it to Danny, I suppose?" she accused shrilly. "And that's what he does with it!" She pointed vindictively beyond the greasy alcove curtains.

"What do you mean?" asked Rosalie tensely. "I haven't given any two dollars to Danny. It was to Mutter I gave it, for Sade's medicine."

"Well, that's how she buys Sade's medicine," Beckie laughed sharply. She lifted the curtain, and pointed derisively to a harmonica among the dented pillows on the sofa.

"A harmonica!" said Rosalie in a choked tone. "When he knows how Mutter needs teeth, and you and I need shoes! Where is Danny?" she demanded.

"Can't you see he's here?" Beckie in-

dicated the piles of sodden ashes on the floor, and an empty beer bottle protruding from a greasy pillow. "He's just having his own special supper early, so he can get to the first show in time. Oh, yes!" she threw out angrily. "Go find him a job, if you like your trouble for your pains. How long will he hold it?"

"You'll see—I'll make him hold it!" cried Rosalie with passion.

And she did—for two days. At the end of that time Victor Bell, extra driver No. 2218 for Hempil Brothers, failed to report, and the yellow pay envelop handed to saleslady No. 5003, Men's Gloves, that Saturday, contained in consequence only five dollars and a printed receipt slip:

To price one uniform for brother, \$2.
Received payment,
HEMPIL BROTHERS.

IN the weeks that followed Rosalie threw herself into the daily work at the counter with such feverish energy that in two months' time the sum in her weekly envelop went all the way from seven to twelve dollars.

Five dollars at a jump! The days of miracles have not departed, then, from glove counters! But even miracles need a miracle worker. Could it have been Jackson? Who else? The thought brought the same odd, uneasy pain she felt so often now when she was conscious of his grave eyes steadily regarding her.

"Why does he look at me like that?" she wondered. She approached him timidly to thank him. But—

"It is nothing, nothing at all, but what you have earned," said Jackson.

And she turned back to the counter with a baffled sense of something warm and wonderful just missed; yet with it a shy sense of gratitude. How good he was, Mr. Jackson! If only—

ON the last Saturday in May, Gerald Manning Knight, LL. D., who held the chair of sociology in a small university, hastily approached the glove counter. His need for entering the store was actual. He was en route from Philadelphia to Narragansett to gain much-needed respite on the completion of his notable work, "Daughters of Toil," and—

"If you'll look in the top drawer of my jewel trunk, dear," his wife had written from the Pier, "you'll find the ring. You'll remember the setting's all wrong; but the pearl's a good one—didn't you choose it? So why not take it back and have it reset? And on the way stop in at Hempil's and get me three more pairs of the pearl suede gloves and four of the lavender. Don't forget,—three gray, four lavender,—and while getting them, don't leave the ring on the counter—careless boy!"

The commission was no unusual one, the professor being an artist in such marital details. The ring was in his pocket as he passed Men's Gloves, and at sight of Rosalie he changed his errand.

"Have you any—ah—walking gloves of pigskin, my size?" he inquired genially, extending a long, slight hand of more than feminine delicacy—the left one, naturally—with a great seal ring upon it.

Rosalie took the hand. "What shade?" she inquired with a little gasp as she felt the counter reel and a sudden new and all-enveloping delight sweep through her.

He was tall—ten feet at least—and princely, slim and blond and magnificent—the Shining Prince at last, beyond all fear or peradventure!

"Cash!" called Jackson in the dim and unreal distance.

"Haven't you any—ah—two shades darker?" the Prince was murmuring about that time.

"Oh, yes," said Rosalie.

The two shades darker were found and fitted. Rosalie started to dust the powder, and overturned it instead. With fitting grace her customer bent his head to help her, and, bending, spoke low-toned words, and then others, still lower—

"Cash!" the intruding voice of Jackson, vehement and nearer; but Rosalie heard it not.

"There will be fireworks to-night at

Brighton, I hear. Would you care to see them?"

"Oh," said Rosalie, in an awe-stricken gasp; "To see them with you?"

"With me, certainly." His voice was discreetly lowered. "Do you know the Antwerp Hotel?"

"Oh, yes," said Rosalie.

"I'd better write the name, to make sure. There's a little waiting room with a sofa just at the left of the door." He had hurriedly pressed a card within her hand. "You will be there at six-thirty?" he whispered.

"At six-thirty," Rosalie answered down from the edge of a rosy cloud.

"What was the swell guy saying to you, Rose?" inquired Miss Collins some seconds (or hours) later.

"Oh, nothing," said Rosalie, jealously tucking the card beneath her shirt-waist. "Cash, No. 77!" called Jackson.

The card bore the words he had lightly penciled,—*"The Antwerp,"* a sacred Fifth Avenue hostelry hitherto entered only by "pretend." But that was not half so wonderful as the name engraved upon it:

DOCTOR GERALD MANNING KNIGHT,
Manning Lodge,
The University.

"Doctor Knight!" she practised the words softly.

AT six-thirty she had found the waiting room, sofa and all; but to her relief no waiting was in order. The Wonder Prince was there before her, more princely than ever in a great-coat of London tweed.

"Come!" He led her rather hastily toward the door. "It's quiet here, but not quiet enough." He seemed to breathe more freely outside. "You've had a rackety day," he explained. "What do you say to a sail down on the boat, and then dine down there?"

"Oh, that will be lovely!" said Rosalie.

Two hours later, within the sheltered nook of their own table overlooking the ocean, Rosalie was watching the rockets trail their splendid curves across the sky.

A swishing sound. "Oh, see that one!" cried Rosalie in tremulous rapture, as one rocket rose high, high above the rest.

And, being but seventeen and a half, she foresaw not how black the utter blackness of the descending rocket may be.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten wonder evening, all flashing, thrilling seconds and galloping hours; perfect in every detail, even though the Prince must leave at Grand Central. He had a midnight train to catch to Narragansett.

"And it may be some days—even weeks—before I can hope to see you again. I am a very busy man. It may even be Thanksgiving. I will write you, of course."

Ah, at least he would write!

"In the meantime, promise me one thing," he exacted gravely.

"Yes!" breathed Rosalie.

"That you will never doubt me, even for a moment. You would not, I think—" He scanned her closely, as still half dissatisfied.

Doubt the Prince—now he had come? "No, never!" Rosalie vowed.

"Still, to make sure." He fumbled in his breast pocket, with a swift glance, still not quite sure.

The glance must have decided; for he drew forth a tiny jewel box. "Let me put this on your finger."

It was a very fair pearl; not large, but flawless—had he not chosen it himself?

Would it not have been worth an even larger one to draw a certain light to her eyes,—the glow of life's first-awakened dawn?

"Pearls for purity, for faith, for truth," he murmured quite contentedly. "Now you will never doubt me!"

The words smote her heart in a long quiver of light. "Doubt you?" cried Rosalie, with her first blaze of woman's fire. "I will trust you to the end of the world!"

That night, long after Beckie was asleep, she crept from her cot and stood by the window shaft, watching a struggling moon's ray draw still tenderer rays from her pearl.

"Oh, God, make me worthy!" was her

prayer from a heart bowed with humility.

The ring was still glowing with wonder-warmth when she reached her counter on Monday, and its glow warmed her heart all day; though there was as yet no letter: only a postal with the picture of a steamship and the lightly penciled words, "Finest boat service. Will write soon. G. M. K." Not quite the same as a letter: still the postal found a fluttering home beneath her shirt-waist until the coming of the letter, as it would surely come to-morrow—or still to-morrow. Every morning Rosalie scanned with feverish hope the slit that did duty for mailbox in the Belinski vestibule.

"I will trust you forever!"

Should she fail him so soon, in this first princely test he had set her? would come to-morrow.

And one to-morrow it did come,—a thick vellum envelop, with the name of a Narragansett Pier club stamped in silver.

With a wildly thumping heart she read, the four hurried lines beginning "I, your child," and felt her hands drop nervel an

The intense heat, coupled with his or exacting work, may quite prostrate a prince, it seemed. He was suffering keenly from long strain and greatly need of soul refreshment from the glimpse of her, for which he hoped as he passed through town in August. If not then, at his next breathing space, Thanksgiving. And he was, as you know (under-scored), in all ways, Faithfully yours, G. M. K.

"Not till August," said Rosalie faintly, "and not then, maybe!"

To be sure, "Faithfully yours, as you know," that must mean something, and August was not so far off now, if you count by weeks, and not by aching, fitful days and sleepless nights. But what if August should vacantly come and go, to no avail, as it seemed to be doing? "I will trust you to the end of the world!" had she said? And that is longer even than Thanksgiving.

And so summer scorched its way straight into the cool, uncaring heart of fall; and hope deferred tortured faint hollows in the baby curves of her cheeks, and painted feverish shadows beneath her eyes. "She's falling off something fierce," Miss Collins observed.

There remained Thanksgiving and its preparations; for the Prince must not find her unready. Fresh scrim curtains at spotless windows in the little "parlor"; a frond of fern-like green on the stained and discolored near-marble stand; an inviting new cushion on the one easy chair where he would sit. Unfaltering courage has accomplished miracles greater than these, and Rosalie went about them with firmly set lips, even to tearing down the hideous oleographs from the mustard-colored walls, since all things sordid and un-princeworthy must be banished at the Prince's coming. If he came! It was a feeble "if" now, for the tapers of hope were burning low; but each night she relit them beside her little "Watch Me Grow" bank. That, at least, had not failed. It was steadily growing heavier each week beneath the weight of quarters and dimes.

AND now at last the Tuesday before Thanksgiving! What time more fitting for the bank opening? If it proved half as full as it felt, there would surely be enough for the new teeth. Fifty cents a week had easily mounted to eighty and ninety, with no longer Beckie's constant clamor for money; for Rosalie had at last yielded and Beckie had taken the manicure course.

Rosalie frowned. She would almost have had Beck back in her old penniless state than this train of new and baffling perplexities since Beck had landed her dazzling new job as manicurist at the Hotel Glazenhall. These strange new fits of irritability of Beck's, all these new and unexplained articles of finery—

"I don't like it," Rosalie reflected, on the edge of her cot. "It looks queer. There had been other actions of Beck's still queerer. Even the once distasteful Mr. Stubbs would have been a welcome